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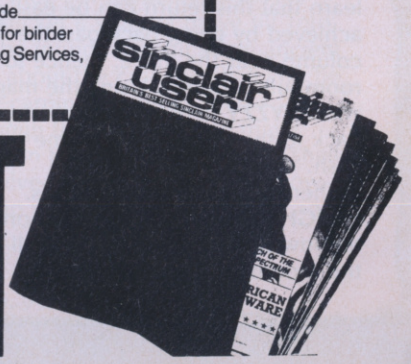

FROM GREATBELLY, greetings my friends!

Winter at the Ogre can often be a tedious time. The trade falls off with the snows and wolves and robbers discourage many travellers from coming this far. Zul and Zel will tend the taproom if I kick them hard enough and Yarga, an ancient and sharp-tongued crone, sees to the beds, the cooking pots and driving out the drunkards with no homes to go to. She has this to a fine art and her cudgel is feared for miles.

So, when business is slack, I have time on my hands for something beyond the daily grind. Counting my money is a pleasant task but does not satisfy my finer instincts; so, this winter, I have decided to put together a small tome, a collection of questions which adventurers have plagued me with over the years.

This little book will, I hope, prove useful in a few tight spots and extricate some of you from trouble. Strange lands are always safer if you carry a guidebook with you and, as I sit beside my hearth and dream, I shall think of those of you lost in the snow, immured in foul prisons or aimlessly wandering some barren desert. Keep this beside you in those desperate times.

Perhaps you will cull some wisdom from my winter's toil — but, if your quest cannot be found herein, then write to me at the Ogre. Wherever I travel your scrolls will reach me and I shall do my best endeavour to guide you in the right paths.

So may you prosper and Ithukk bless you with her beams. Ride safe, ride wary and always check your beds for bugs.

Gordo Greatbelly, Landlord.

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The Hobbit

I HEAR from several travellers that the paths of Middle Earth are now so frequented by adventurers that the Council of Wizards is considering imposing a closed season on the hunting of dragons and treasure. That is scarcely surprising but they still throng to be captured by goblins and to partake of Elrond's excellent free lunches.

The Hobbit's quest remains as difficult as ever and I meet many who bemoan their failure over their beer. There are numerous routes to Smaug's mountain but each traveller is likely to encounter similar problems.

Dealing with two vicious but dim-witted trolls is usually the first. Meeting them at night is truly dangerous but, if you can make a quick escape, it is best to conceal yourself in some leafy spot and wait until dawn. The trolls' loquaciousness is their doom and they cannot bear the sun's rays. As far as brains are concerned there is little to choose between their intelligence before and after petrification.

Remembering to bear Elrond with you for his cuisine, you will then head into the mountains and, inevitably, into the Goblin's Dungeon. Your only way to freedom is by the aid of others so you must persuade someone, perhaps Gandalf or Thorin, to carry you. Ask them to open the window — then ask them to go through the window. Thus and easily is the deed done, though Thorin may take some persuasion.

From Beorn's house, where there is food, you should head northeast to reach Mirkwood. If webs trouble you then break them.

Hereabouts a wood elf may try to capture you — if so, resist not, as the quest may not be completed without a spell of incarceration in his halls.

Now, you may be tempted to carouse in the Elvenking's cellar — this will do no great harm but escape would be best, whatever the vintage. Try waiting for the butler to hurl a barrel and jump thereon.

I shall not spoil your hunting by recounting the means to slay Smaug but carrying Bard may help you at a crucial point. And on the return journey to your comfortable burrow? Beware the bulbous eyes — head west and wait some time between each step. There and back again in two flicks of a dromedary's eyelash — give my regards to Gandalf.

Lord of the Rings

WHEN SAURON stretched forth his hand over Middle Earth, all the continents of the western seas shuddered in fear. Fleets of evil pirate-orcs even dared to land upon our shores, distant from Mordor though we are. By some miracle they vanished into stinking smoke on a day when the earth groaned and heaved in a vast tremor.

Only later did we learn of the Ring Wars and of Frodo's quest, the destruction of the One Ring in the fires of Doom. Now, many questers follow Frodo's path in the Antipodean Rite of the **Lord of the Rings**, set up in Frodo's honour.

Some news has reached me of the quest, recent though it is and what I know I shall reveal. Before you leave Bag End take care to pack well and give the greater part of the goods to Pippin and Sam to place in their packs. This way you can travel light and free to collect and examine other objects on the way.

Above all remember the food and wine — they will sustain you for some way. Head westwards when you leave — there are essential goods and information to be found at Michel Delving before you commence the main part of your trek. You will be grievous sorry if you do not.

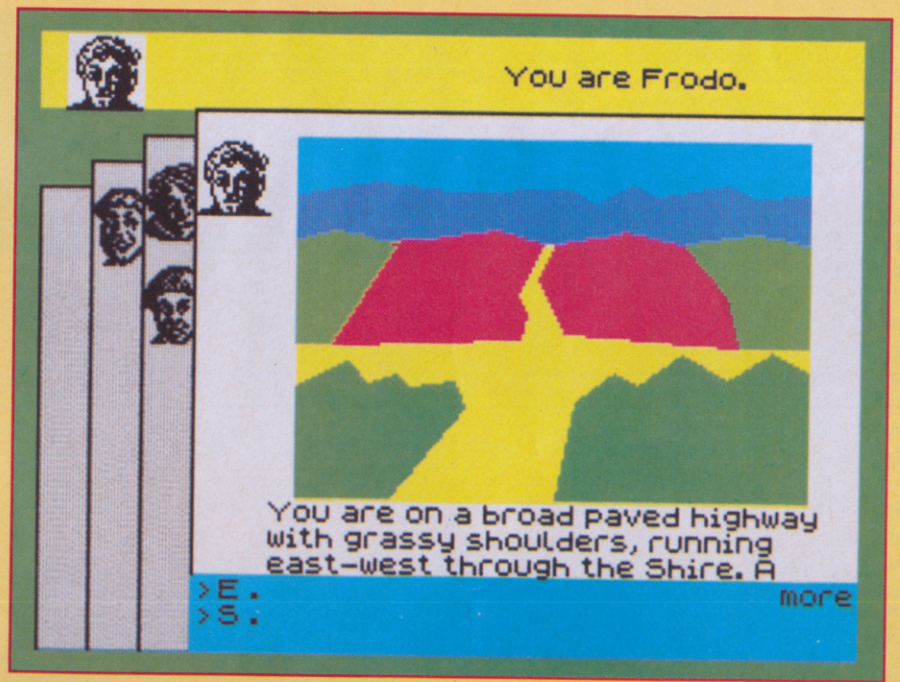
Wisdom should also dictate that you play Merry's part as well as Frodo's. He is beyond the river to the east and, if you delay in any way, may well wander off to look for you. Hunting for him will be dangerous with the Riders on the road, so become Merry and order him to wait. Then you can be sure he will be at the ferry when you arrive.

On your way east take care in a gloomy place for the Nazgul may be very near. A 'short cut' is necessary and, after some boggy walking, will bring you to Maggot's farm. The dogs will not harm you and if you wait three times Maggot himself will appear. Good food can be found here and better advice — take it.

At the ferry you will see an iron handle which winds the ferry across. Do not attempt to do this by yourself but get the others to take their turn. You may collapse if you do not, with disastrous consequences. Revive by eating well at Merry's house and then attempt the tunnel only if you have a light source and matches. If you do not possess these you will be eternally trapped in darkness, unable to proceed.

Within the woods you may be told that you can go in many directions. However, the trees will seem to shift to block your way. If you wait the trees may move again and free the direction you wish to go. Do not let them push you off your track. And if you ever get to Bree, avoid using your own name!

So begins the great journey — send me all your news of it as you travel the road to Mordor. Thus may others be enlightened.



Bored of the Rings

```
Fordo looked around. He was in a
dark cave. A neon sign above the
large archway in the east wall
flashed on and off. A heavy door
was set in the western side of
the cave and a passage led away
to the north.

At this point, Fordo noticed
The Disreputable Pixie
A small doormat
"Git yur originul maps of the
 maze here!" proclaimed the
disreputable pixie.
The company appeared.

What was Fordo to do ?
*
```

I HAVE heard tell that Middle Earth has been beset by strange events and weird portents. Some say that old Tim Bumbadil was responsible, that he caused it all by putting some strange potion into the reservoir at Muckland. Yet others claim that Grandalf, in league with strange forces from the east, cast a spell upon the folk of Fag End . . . .

Whatever the truth may be, the fact remains that the Shire folk have been changed into lazy, cowardly creatures, almost as if the dimensions of reality had been altered. Now they are **Bored of the Rings** and their quests become bizarre parodies . . . .

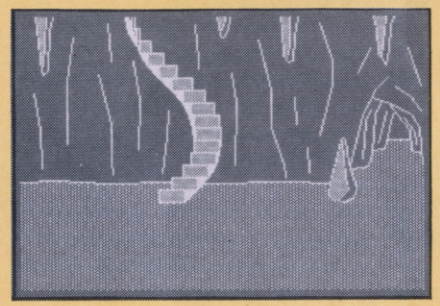
Survival in such circumstances may be tricky and so I have compiled a few directions for you to find your way about this newly warped universe.

The journey from Fag End to Muckland carries only the danger of the Black Riders and your best course is to hide from them. Once across the Brandname you will discover the Hedge. Walk north or south along it and you should soon discover the tunnel down to the forest. The power of the trees is great and, once their fragrance has overwhelmed you, your only safety will be in calling for assistance.

Wherever you wander in this land it is wise to 'look' regularly. Objects can materialise without human intervention and things will become available without notice. So, after your rescue you may while away some time with the spaced Tim and his vaguer lady Hashberry, who is full of beans. Clearing your head upon the downs there will come to you a barrow wight. Speak to this trendy apparition for he bears news of great import — without it you may never enter Morona.

And so on to Whee where the great bore Aragont will bend your ears . . . no matter, join the others and shut him up. Thence it is a small step up the motorway to Morona but be sure to visit Featherwop. There is a key of sorts here if you look hard enough. With this and the wight's advice you may drop into Morona.

First you will need a map — buy it with a coin. The coin? Aye, 'tis there but you will need to put something in to get something out! Power provides the answer and trolls the means. Inside the maze there is a concealed place, east of a southern move, where Rocky can be found. He is the only one who may get you safe through the Hall of Morona . . . so far, so good, the rest I leave to you. May the Lady Chlorophyl guide your steps.



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the plush offices of the Morona
Cave Complex Tourist Information
Centre. The room was obviously
neglected though as all the nice
little pamphlets on Morona had
been removed and the walls were
bare of publicity posters.
There was a desk.

At this point, Fordo noticed
Grandalf
Spam
Pimply
Murky
Giblet
Legoland
Borrower
Aragont
A battery

What would Fordo do ?
*
```

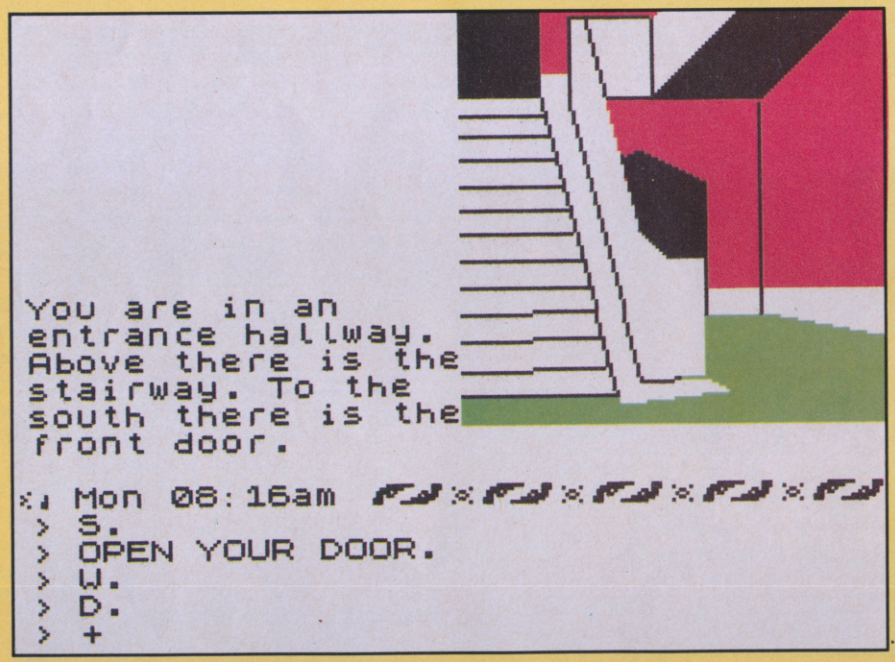
Sherlock

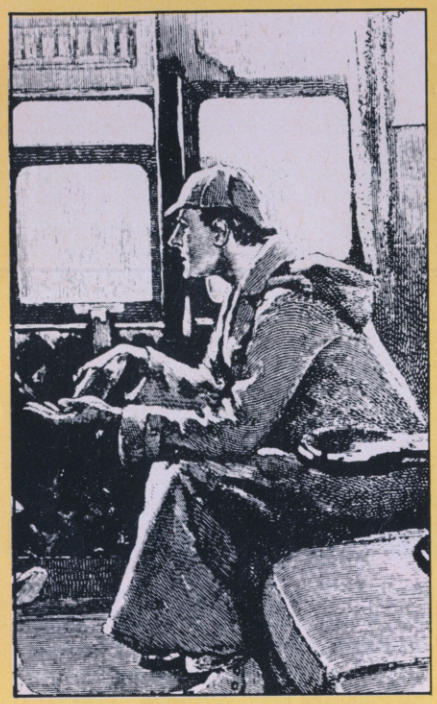
A MOST CURIOUS party came to the inn some weeks past. All without exception were clothed in flowing robes and thin hanging whiskers and, strangest of all, smoked vast porcelain pipes of the foulest weed I have ever smelt. A few carried violins with them.

They were, they said, the **Sherlock** Appreciation Society, the SAS. They were all anxious to recount their tales and gave me some information which may be of use to others who follow this Sherlock in his quest for a murderer.

The quest is set in the smoky and befogged city of London, a place of steaming machines and secret opium dens. Travel can be difficult here — I was told that you should ensure you are actually in a cab before attempting to travel in it — this seems obvious enough to me but correct words must be used such as 'get into' or 'climb into'. Wherever you direct the driver you should give the name of the street the place is in, otherwise he will not take you there — again logical.

As part of the quest it is necessary to ride in the steam trains, as they are called. Once you have boarded you may decide to wait, to let time pass. Beware! The trains only stop for three short minutes at their stations and waiting lasts for five — thus you may miss your stop. The best course then seems to be to say 'wait until' and give the scheduled time of your arrival — then you will not become entombed in these demonic conveyances.


You are in an entrance hallway. Above there is the stairway. To the south there is the front door.
Mon 08:16am
> S.
> OPEN YOUR DOOR.
> W.
> D.
> +



When you travel to Leatherhead, pay a visit to the Jones' establishment. There you will find the body mutilated beyond recognition. Search the house thoroughly and examine the bookcase carefully. A secret passage westward will be revealed — at its end there are bloodstained clothes which will show the owner's name. This is good evidence and worth keeping.

Thence to Cobden Lane where Basil Phipps resides. There are entries front and back. Now there is a safe in the library but if you try to open it you will surely be shot whilst Phipps is in residence. However, Phipps goes to London on Tuesday or Wednesday and this may offer you your opportunity. Take care to search his bedroom carefully — the bed and window frame may clarify your thoughts. His musical tastes may also conflict with his alibi!

Phipps' London home is in Camden Street and may be reached from Paddington by cab. Entry can be effected by a back window when Phipps is in — but only safely when he sleeps. Look through the window to see.

I asked the odd band why they wore their outlandish garb . . . they said it was Chinese and had some purpose. For many of you, the quest may end at 1.02a.m. on Tuesday morning with no solution you can find. Know this — the bumbling Lestrade will have arrested the luckless Ffoulkes at this time and charged him with the crime after finding his initials on the incriminating note.

Now Ffoulkes' crime is, in reality, the eating of opium — pernicious drug. So one of your early tasks must be to prove the Major innocent. For this you will require your Chinaman's disguise and a trip to the Major's evil haunts in Sidmouth Street. Go there on Monday, reveal yourself to him . . . you now have two minutes to save the Major from Lestrade's bullets! That can be done by informing the detective that Ffoulkes has visited the place — the word is important.

And finally, the codes. There are three cryptic notes in gibberish or so it seems. The encryption follows the frequency of letters in the English tongue, the most common being E. Consult some large tome for such tables of frequency and start with small words where E is likely to occur. The torn and ripped notes are part of the same message but the burnt note is writ back to front. Therefore reverse the lettering and decode as before.

I tell you — at the end of this I was little wiser about the crazy British folk and considered myself lucky to be of such simple mind!

Dun Darach

IN MY YOUTH, long gone alas, I once served with a northern lord amongst whose troops were many Celts — mad fighters, quickly roused and hard drinkers. Their chieftains fight from chariots and, one day, I idly entered into discussion with one of the drivers, Loeg by name.

He once had a master named Cuchullain — now departed westwards to the Isles of the Dead. Loeg told me of the time Cuchullain rescued him from the clutches of a sorceress called Skar whose city is **Dun Darach**. This is a vast and busy place with many chances for sharp thieves and gamblers. Loeg told me much and what I can I will recount.

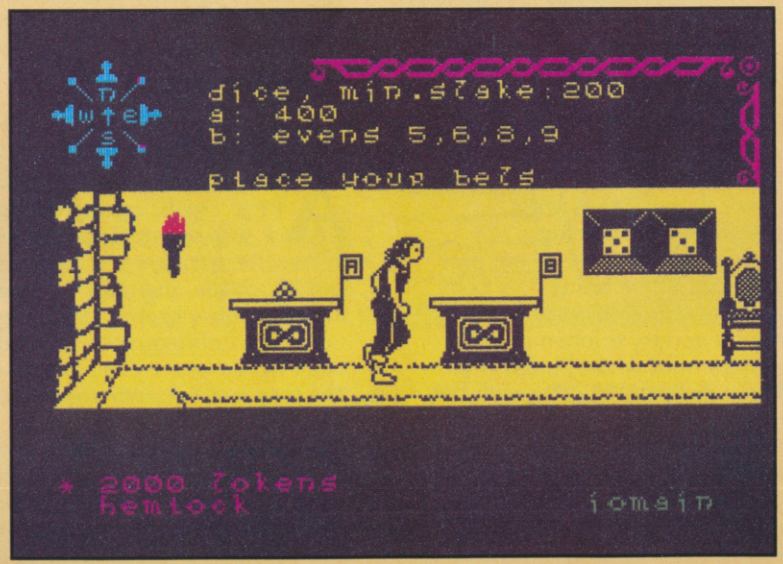
To survive in the town the traveller will need much ready cash — *iridi* their coins are called. It may be got honestly but there are easier means. The simplest is to take gold from the Assayers in West Way and sell it to the Broker's in Cross Street. The quickest is by gambling, with a little cheating on the side.

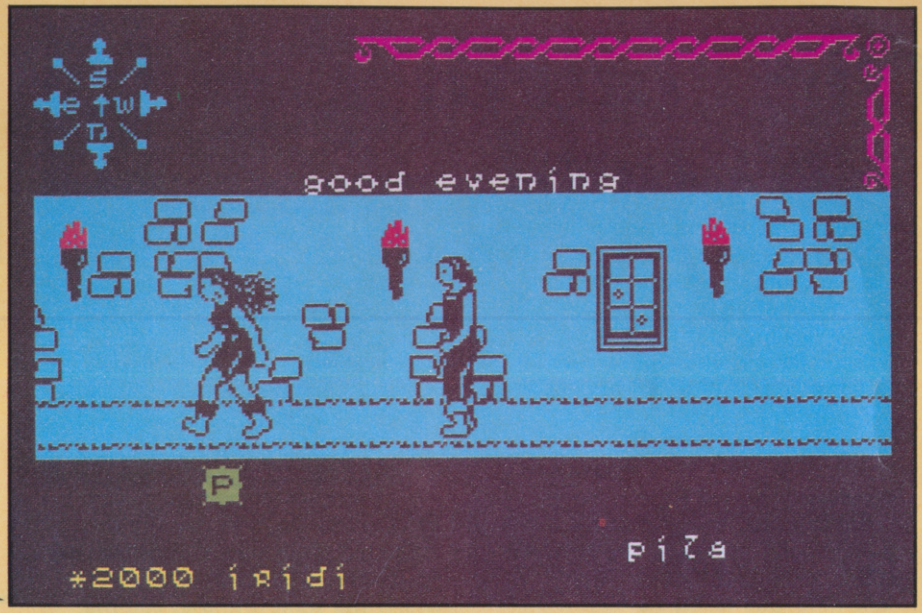
Go to the gambling houses in Iomain and place your stake, as large as possible, on the B table. Now press 6, 'save' and return to the game. Gamble time and time again and 'save' each time you win. If you lose then use your starting position again tc regain your stake.

This is sure to gain you enormous bags of *iridi* which may then be banked at interest. That interest may be doubled each day if you first bank your coins, then press 6 and 1. When you return to **Dun Darach** it will be night and you will gain the interest.

Such wealth may be susceptible to thievery — and there are many villains about as sharp as yourself. To avoid such disaster it is wise always to place your 'star' against an object of small importance to you as it is the starred possession which the thief will take. Buying a thieves' licence may also help.

Walking the streets is weary business





but tele-portals are provided to transport citizens from one quarter to another by some magic means. From the Marsh Street portal you may fly to Old Hill, from Old Hill to Herme Hill and thence back again to Marsh Street. There is also a way from Moss Lane across to the West Castle.

Cuchullain's ploys to free Loeg from the castle's cells were many but part of the plan must be to find Skar and obtain a scroll. Keys are also needed — marked 'd' and 'm'.

The 'd' key will unlock the door in the castle and may be got thus. Enter the Old Quarter and get, by what means you can, a statue. Travel over to the Soke and find the rat. Follow it and when it disappears stand upon the same spot and press Enter. You have now found your way into Darach Down where Teth resides. Give him the statue and you shall have your key.

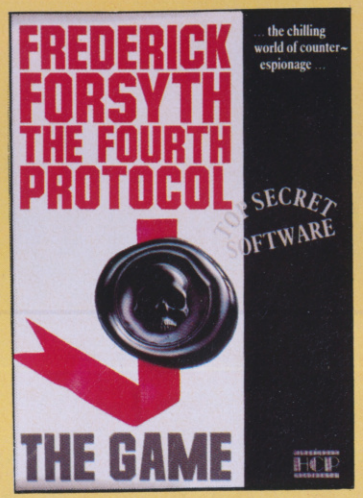
The 'm' key will open an invisible door in Cross Street. First obtain a lyre on Old Hill. Dain, who dwells behind an ever-open secret door in Park Row will exchange this harp for a shield sacred to the god Midir. Take this shield to the god's temple, give it to him and you will receive the 'm' key.

Off then to Cross Street to open the invisible door which lies opposite No 55. Here lies the telestone which you should take. Now to Stone Road to buy a spell. When you do, place your key on the table and offer the telestone. Skar's whereabouts will now be revealed to you. Keep the telestones with you to seek her out and, when you find her, offer her your spell to make her visible.

Now all you must do is steal a pearl from the Strongroom — you shold already have bought a thieves' licence with all the money you have made. Give the pearl to Skar and she will give you the scroll. With this and the 'd' key you may pass the locked door in the castle.

This is but a small part of Dun Darach's manifold attractions and I strongly advise you all to journey there — bank some *iridi* for me!

The Fourth Protocol



THE GREAT game of espionage is the obsession of many who court power and prestige, though it may reek to free men who prefer honest dealings and openness. Training for this task takes weary years and **The Fourth Protocol** has become the most usual means to develop the skills of the spy. Some of its proceedings have come into my possession.

The first task is the decoding of the weekly code. This is simply done by counting along the letters on your 'one-time' pad to the number shown. Thus each letter is revealed. Within the Cencom machine is a file called 'Telephones' and this will provide necessary contact points for your immediate attention.

Always remember to allocate adequate numbers of watchers to your targets lest they slip from you and you lose the information you require.

With 'Telephones' you may contact Blenheim and thus transfer the purloined NATO files, along with others, to your base. Subject these to a careful analysis which will soon reveal to you that there are but a mere handful of possible suspects. Initials on the NATO files will point to them, for you will find that only they have had access to both the NATO files and copying facilities. For this you must examine the MOD and Cabinet documents as well.

The Abbs-Stanistav connection will soon become apparent and you will see that Stanistav is ripe for turning: say so when you are asked about him.

REPORT
From:
Electronic Pencil Co.
Voice analysis has been carried out on Faulkner's caller and the ? on the delivery list.
SECRET
The nuclear explosion at Faslane was successfully blamed on an accidental trigger of a Nato nuclear device. A totalitarian Government committed to Unilateral Disarmamen

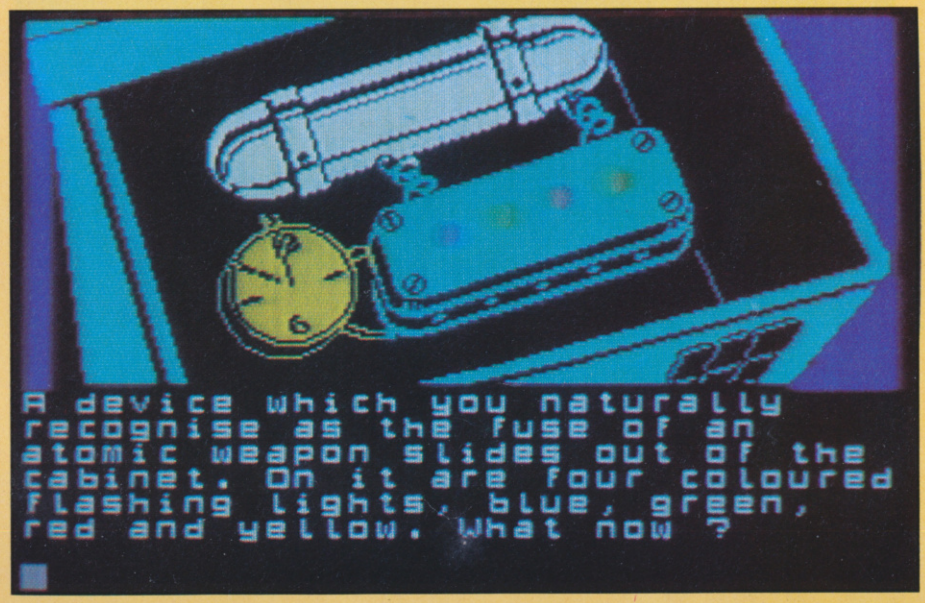
Amongst your major suspects Allen's case will prove a sideshow but do not neglect it or be brutal.

Following Sopwith and checking his contacts will soon prove that he cannot be the traitor, indeed is on your side. Stay with Faulkner and you will get information that he is connected with a Pizza house owned by the Genovese brothers — you will find a file on this at Blenheim. Follow the pizza men and allocate high numbers of watchers. This will reveal that they have a delivery service. Another check on Cencom will produce another file called either 'Trade' or 'Delivery'. That file will lead you to the 'Names' at Blenheim.

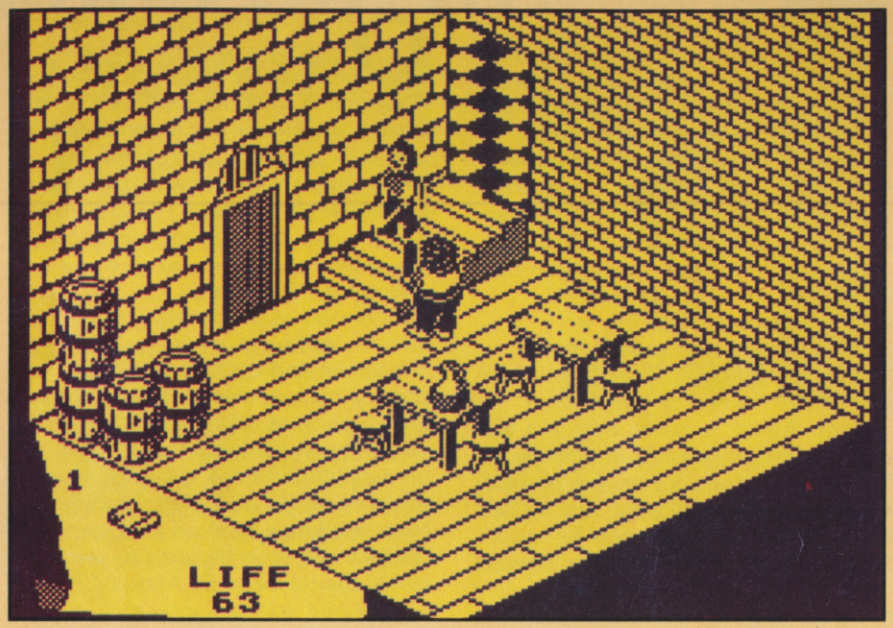
Upon this list, amongst others, it that of a Swedish diplomat called Nilson. This may intrigue you, as your perusal of Faulkner's file will show that he has a Scandinavian mother. Also he has a secure phone line at his home. Keep a careful watch on Faulkner until eventually you are contacted by BT who can provide voiceprints of their intercept on Faulkner's line. Print it out and match it against the names on your delivery list. Nilson should now be identified.

Of course you have also been watching Johnston and have found that his contact is Pasternak, a KGB man. Check Pasternak's file for this information. Stay with Johnston, approach him when you can and he will arrange a meeting with Pasternak. This meeting will result in the Russian's death but not before he has time to give you one word. 'Svetofor'.

From here you may travel to Sweden and be given access to files at Stockholm and Umea which will provide background on Nilson. By an investigation of Nilson's relatives you will find that a fingerprint of Nilson's on a childhood book does not match the print on his diplomatic identity. Now you know he is an imposter and the way will soon be open to you to reveal the traitor to Sir Anthony Plumb — provided you can answer all his questions. That I leave to you all. Watch out behind you.


A device which you naturally recognise as the fuse of an atomic weapon slides out of the cabinet. On it are four coloured flashing lights, blue, green, red and yellow. What now ?

Fairlight



THE LAST TIME I travelled to **Fairlight** it was a pleasant place, empty of danger and full of fine towns and fertile fields.

Two moons back I journeyed down to Samarrak to collect some spices and to dice at the Damaged Dragon. I spent a long evening there fleecing some moustachioed adventurer and, as I counted my winnings, he began to tell me of his woes. The land, said he, had gone into a deep decline and the forces of evil had overcome the folk.

This warrior, the Mighty Isvar — or so he called himself — had entered the great fortress of the place to free some wizard and his book of spells. Curious by now I asked him how he'd fared and how the grimoire might be found.

Inside the gates — said he — the place is acrawl with orcish guards, enormous trolls and priest-like reapers, whose very touch is death. Magic whirlwinds sweep the place and giant bubbles roam the rooms.

The way through is hard indeed, and the first step is to take a scroll lying on the floor. You must fight the guards who swarm around — they will reincarnate from their helmets and Isvar claimed that the only means for their disposal was to hurl the helms into the whirlwinds. Thus, hopefully, they cease to be.

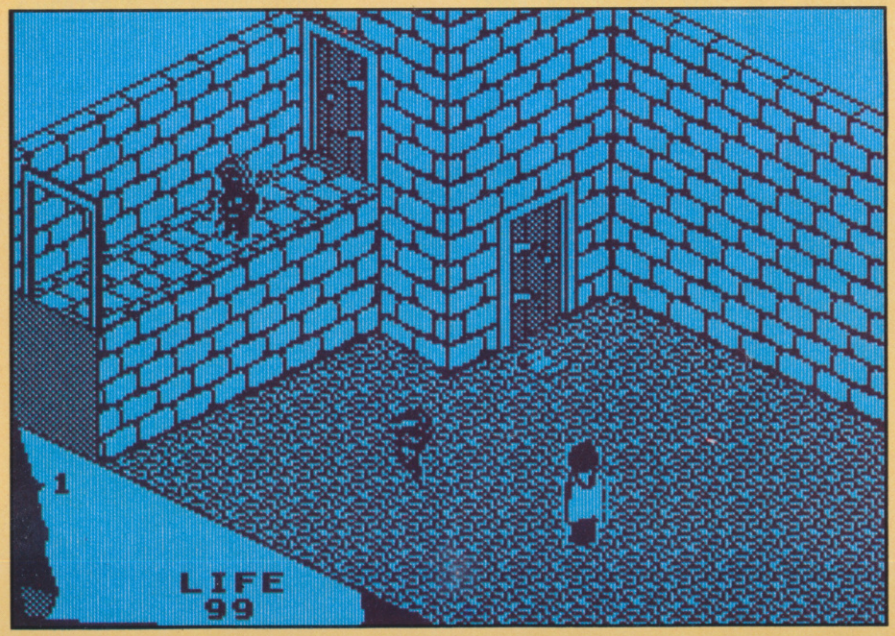
After a brief exploration you will enter a chequered room. There is a reaper here, so beware and leap upon the altar. To the right there is some panelling — when pushed aside a cross will be revealed. Take it. This done you may go next door where plants are grown. Taking all three you should find a place you know to be safe and there hide the scroll and cross — you will need them later.

Below, you will find a room where a potion bottle lies. That can be got by pushing objects under the table. Keep it with you as you enter a room where carnivorous plants thrive — here you will see sandglasses. By climbing upon your own plants you can take these and return them to safekeeping.

Though you are weary near to death, you must continue now — pick up the cross and bottle and trudge back to the room below the man-eating plants, for here is a key. Kill the orcish sentinel and dispose of him in the usual way. The key will open the door!

This, said Isvar, is merely the opening gambit of the quest, but he had other advice . . . If a reaper blocks a door you wish to enter, the cross can be dropped and pushed at him. For some reason reapers cannot abide a cross and this one will disappear. The potion bottle too may have such an effect in the right place.

But, I asked, what use are the sandtimers? It seems there is a reaper on a bridge who must be passed. The adventurer can use a sandtimer here to freeze the demon — though do not drop it, for then it will be useless. All this will get you a goodly way towards the book and the caverns where it lies concealed. The rest, I leave to you dauntless folk.



Eureka

THE LANDS beyond Eshak abound in time-portals, run, more often than not, by the priests of strange cults who send their devotees deep into the wells of space and time to bring back treasure, or defeat the evil ones who populate the future and, it seems, the past.

The Priors of Domark choose to seek merely a number — but a number worth great mounds of gold and gems to the discoverer. Well may the happy adventurer cry Eureka when he finds it, for thereafter he may live in great splendour — even own a camel farm or wine cellar!

Alas the prize is won now, but still they seek through five aeons of time. The quest itself must be the pleasure.

Many have told me of parts of this trip through time, and I shall endeavour to show you the way through the first era of Prehistory — to take them all would be a book itself!

Close by the jungle you are set down by the priests — can you not hear the reptiles roar? Soon you will meet them, but before you enter the steaming trees search all around — an axehead of a sort you'll find, a bone to make its haft. More important, though, are crystals of saltpetre in a nest — and hurry here for danger lurks. Your axe will build a raft beside the river, useless though it seems. The swamp nearby will give you coal. Saltpetre and coal, eh? We lack but one more thing.

Within the jungle the reptiles rule. The greedy tyrannosaurus can be lured to its doom if you take a creeper and jump quickly over a pit. In its haste to taste you it will fall in and perish. After such exertion a swim in a limpid lake will refresh — maybe enrich you too. If you cannot reach this lake examine a waterfall — there is a hidden way.

Southward from this lake lie more swamps. The reptiles here will only harm you if you lack patience, so wait a while and you will pass in safety, with a log increasing your burden. Shortly, you will hear the volcano's boom and, if you are observant, find the third ingredient for an explosive mixture.

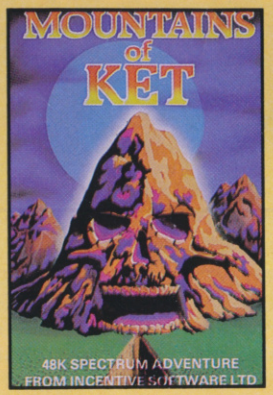
Now there are many creatures on the grasslands hereabouts but none will do you great harm. If you fear the mammoth's tusks you may find a use for the mouse you caught long ago . . . ah, did you not? Drop the rodent if you have it, for elephants are fearful of mice. Beware though of spiders, but not too cautious for there is treasure in the web.

Men! ''Kong ka? Bong ka?'' Are you friend or foe? The first I hope. Learn their language and respond in kind, for as a friend you may enter their village and barter your useless treasure for good tools. Take a drink while you rest your legs and thus restore your vigour. Soon your path will fork — head west from here and fill your pot for the thirsty miles ahead. Now is the time to mix your ingredients and build a gun, for you must use it to save yourself from a maddened saurian.

More danger waits and an axe will deal with a dark figure — take only his rope, the rest is of no use. By climbing from here you will approach some caves where a diamond is hidden. Be prepared — they are dark and you will need a light. Tar and wood can make a torch to guide your steps back into the sun. You goal is near now, and the ladder, the diamond and mushrooms will see you through.

Then on to the future!

Mountains of Ket



IN A GOOD summer the Ogre is often filled to bursting with travellers heading for Ket in search of villainous Vran Verusbel, the mad sorcerer. Some return in the autumn disconsolate and drawn with privation. Others we never see again and some would say that their blood has gone to feed the terrible and beautiful Delphia, his undead bride.

To increase my custom I feel it wise to aid you all in some part of the quest. My profits are slim, though my girth is not, and dead adventurers drink no ale.

Vran dwells beyond the **Mountains of Ket** which must be passed first. As you draw near the place ensure you listen will in every spot, for sounds and passwords carry far on the winds in these regions. Ignore nothing you find for most things have their uses. And think of honest tradesmen like me and pay for what you take — money can be had by selling and helping, as can maps. Chop some firewood if you wish, any small job will do.

Mounted and mapped you may ride east, still searching everywhere, for more is still concealed. At last you come to the maw of the mountain, a fearsome place where sensible beasts refuse to go. Save before you enter in case of combat, though there is a route within where blows needs not be struck.

A dog and food you'll find. Marry the two and the dog may prove a willing friend and guard for all your gear . . . provided you bought that useless set of metal links with you! Otherwise beware of thieving rats.

Your magic is not yet great enough to pass the skull so explore well and wave things at strange walls. I only know of one mint with a hole and saying it will break a spell of closure.

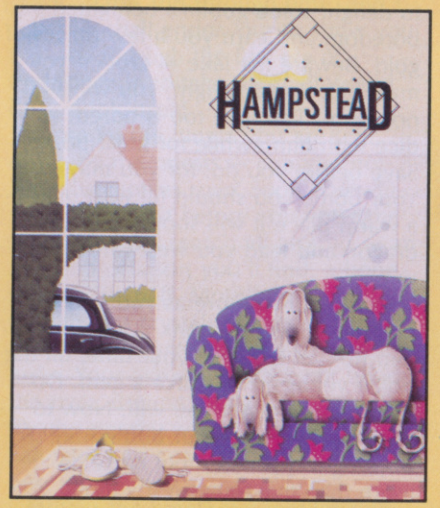
Beyond, you will find reading matter to delight some goblin's benighted boredom and earn you a few pieces of gold. Beware the lake — cross it you must but, if overweight, you will sink not swim. The ogre too is bored, so dice with him awhile for great prizes. Save before you do, for you may lose. Your bottle you should fill with oil. In a warm place it will soothe a troubled dragon and lead you westwards to a ring.

Store your treasure as you find it and then pass the monk . . . NO! Slay him not yet but bide your time, fill the bottle yet again and take a gem. Do your killing then if you will. Now to the plateau. Here your bottle may put a spring in your step but carry no more than five things lest you fall. With what you find you may look like a wizard now and pass the skull. Well, that is almost it. If you survive be sure to stop off at the Ogre as you head home. You'll owe me one.

Hampstead

THE GREATER PART of the denizens of London dwell in teeming orc-warrens, where the air is choked by smoke and the stain of their magic carriages. Some, more favoured by the gods, inhabit a hill-top paradise of flowers and Frankish hostelries, a place where the mean folk may not come unless they have undergone a bizarre and trying ritual.

Few succeed in their attempts to attain **Hampstead** but, to do so, they must use any means, fair or foul. These seekers will lie, deceive, betray and steal without conscience or caring, for the ultimate rewards are great — knightly honours, huge wealth, marriage to fair and well-connected damsels and pleasant dwellings above the stench of the ancient city.



Should you undertake this quest you, the seeker of status, will find yourself in a grubby hovel amidst the sprawl of the lower city. Without work, you will go in search of agents of darkness cunningly disguised as Social Security Officers. When you have collected your meagre pittance you should wander the streets. Soon you will discover a labyrinthine place of factories and machinery. Let not its reek deter you! For diligent mapping will reveal a treasure which will be the well-spring of your future success — if you use it well.

By careful exploration of the noisome region around your hovel you will obtain more essential equipment, particularly clothing. Tiring of this, you should also rest awhile within sight of paradise itself. By thus refreshing your weary body and mind you may find a flexible source of income. Remember also to read, for such arts are greatly valued by those who dwell upon the hill.

Through subterranean ways you should head into the heart of the city. In these passageways you will encounter strange beings. One of these will set you on the road to wealth, provided you can give him what he desires. His gift in return will prove the key to your fortune and to secure employment.

So now the city itself awaits you! Be stout-hearted and ensure your dress is always correct — there are many tailors there. From this point you should use the ties and connections which bind the rich to each other. Examine well the stalls and shops, for secrets can be revealed through theft and a little leverage. Through betrayal you may meet the big fish — now you are near to success.

But the final steps to paradise are not material. When you have power, fear not the mob's ridicule — be as you wish for no-one will laugh at you. And if you do not succeed? Then you must expect to return to the squalor and ignorance you so clearly deserve.

Espionage Island

THE HIGH Priesthood of the maze-god Artic have been renowned from ancient times for the riddles they set unwary travellers. Their way is to lure these unfortunates within their sacred precincts and, by means of mesmerism and occult herbs, to induce strange dreams which cannot be quit unless the traveller performs the correct ritual.

One of the most wicked of these is the mind-journey to **Espionage Island**, a place of many dangers. The traveller must brave these perils to obtain the contents of a strongbox. When I visited the temple of Artic I saw numbers of poor souls who had been asleep for years, unable to succeed in this terrible trial. Perhaps I can assist others to avoid such doom.

On entering the dream you will find yourself in a crashing flying machine. Wear what you can find inside and, eventually, you will find yourself floating down. There is a dark bundle at the end of this descent — remember that your parachute has landed on top of you. Unstrapping should reduce your apparent blindness.

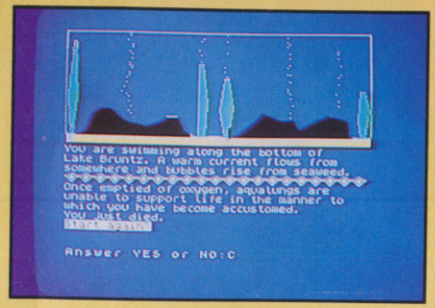
The sweltering jungle will surround you now and the time has come to start your search. Somewhere nearby you will meet a native of this sticky place and, if you can find some gift for her, she will provide you with a weapon — and you will need to use it soon enough. Use it only the once, for there will be other gear to lug around.

Whatever unlikely objects you trip across in this jungle may well be useful. Examine all things carefully as you may, for scribblers abound in these parts and secrets can be writ large where there is the will to look.

Follow the noonday sun to reach water and a boat to board. Take a push if you wish and float downstream to where a brief search will reveal some rope. After a tumble you should branch out a little — sticking to your task all the while to build bridges. Thence to the famed swamp, stitched and fetid. Think now . . . stitched is sewn which, taken apart, will show you the way from the bog and up to the truck. With it, your rope and a rock you can make a hole and a place to enter.

And from here to the end? A fair way yet so bear in mind that electric current will set off an explosion. Check all switches and sockets before retiring! The safe is simple if you looked carefully in the jungle and turning handles will set wings a-flutter. Take care . . . and never fly in a straight line.

Valkyrie 17


You are swimming along the bottom of Lake Bruntz. A warm current flows from somewhere and bubbles rise from seaweed.
Once emptied of oxygen, aqualungs are unable to support life in the manner to which you have become accustomed.
You just died.
Answer YES or NO:C

UP HERE in the mountains spies are rarely treated kindly. If the hillmen find one he is likely to spend his last seconds contemplating the beauty of the valley floor hastening to meet his face as he plummets from a cliff. Some of the more sophisticated tribes prefer to use a brazen cauldron, select herbs and slow cooking. Aye, no man loves a spy but sometimes their task is necessary.

One such necessary evil was the capture of the evil Reichsmuller in the hunt for **Valkyrie 17**, that nest of villains and war criminals. Not long ago I was sent a coded scroll which claimed to set out some of the ways to achieve the task. Much cannot be revealed — the Maruvian Secrets Act forbids such disclosure — but what I know I will tell.

If you find your inn a troublesome place — may Ithukk curse you if you do not pay — leaving it is easy enough. A window and rope of sorts will get you out provided you explore a nearby room and read the book therein. The town lights will beckon but there is no easy route — a long trek in the snow will bring you to a place where an aid to travel can be found, but remember to wear the correct footwear for this walk, lest you are swallowed up and frozen.

Soon enough you will know you are in danger as bullets fly. Deadly they may be but time is on your side and the assassin has no hope of success until you have made two hundred moves or more.

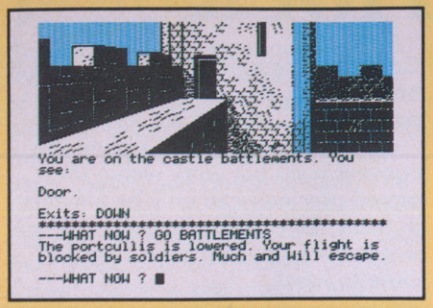
You are in an impeccably tidy bedroom. Everything is arranged with military precision. You smell garlic.
What now?
S
What now?

So then, into the town. There the butcher will make an exchange with you if you have a box — the trade will put him in a box too. Money can be got by hocking some trinket but will be no use for running the telescope. A ring will help with this, though you may get wet in its finding. Look all around you and take in all the sights — thus you should locate a destination for your driver.

Many weary adventurers have asked me the significance of the foam. Well, this destination I speak of conceals a fine gemstone but is well guarded both by men and strange seeing machines. To get the diamond and escape safely such sentinels should be blinded. That way you may get the gem upon reflection even if you do miss your cue — frabniks are no longer in circulation.

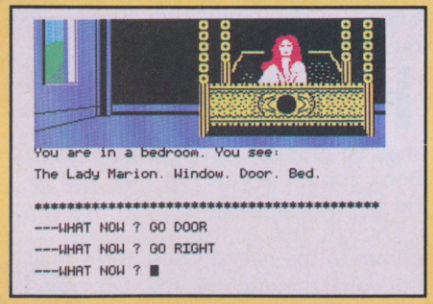
This is not all the way but, if you are wary of frozen lakes and wolves dressed up as lamb, you are set fair to see it through. Keep warm and make no mention of one Ronald Reagan — this may break the quest!

Robin of Sherwood


You are on the castle battlements. You see:
Door.
Exits: DOWN
---WHAT NOW ? GO BATTLEMENTS
The portcullis is lowered. Your flight is blocked by soldiers. Much and Will escape.
---WHAT NOW ?

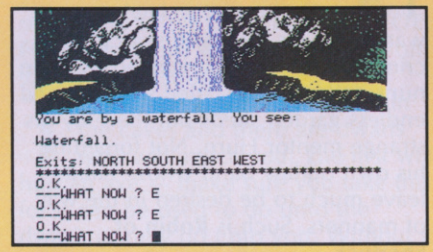
OUTLAWS are ill custom to innkeepers such as I. In they come, always expecting free ale whilst they recount tales that would strain the credulity of a she-camel. Still, now and again one such will bring me reliable news from the forests and a hint of treasure to be found — and that is worth a mug or two of ale.

One ragged specimen, clad in brown and green, told me of the Hooded Man, **Robin of Sherwood**, and his finding of the Touchstones of Rhiannon. This Robin, a mighty fighter against the oppressors, is possessed they say by a horned god — one Herne. The god, as gods invariably do, laid a quest on Robin to find these stones.



Those of you who follow Robin's path should listen well — the traveller gave this advice. If you be imprisoned, rely on the strong shoulders of your friends to take the guard's breath away. Thus you will find a tool for escape.

Beyond lies the forest and the castle of an emissary of Hell, the Baron Simon. Viewing the art works there may prove rewarding but defeating the evil one will only be possible when you have won a prize in Nottingham. Once again, fleeing the Sheriff's wrath may be no easy matter. A hostage will ease your flight.



The nuns' demands for money may cause you great heartache, as paying does us all. A tax man may be easy meat to raise the sum but you will still lack much gold. Be not dismayed! There is more than meets the eye in a demon's gaze and the Sheriff's chest holds a goodly bagful. Ah, but now I can almost hear you banging your heads against the table — where lies the key to the damn box, you cry! Examining some bushes in a friend's company could well prove the key to all your trouble.

And then, when all seems done, you will still lack a stone. Do not despair. A god's touch, in a magic place, can change all things if he wills. So, good hunting and beware of gods who wish to sport with men.

Robin of Sherlock

Robin was in Sherwood Forest.
This was, on the whole, to be
expected and so came as no real
surprise.
Paths led south, east & west.
EAT KENTUCKY FRIED SQUIRREL_

NOW HERE'S a tale to drive you to the wine cask! Imagine an outlaw turned to lawkeeper, wandering his forests in search of crimes to solve and encircled by male nuns, talking bears, fried squirrels and endless garden sheds put there by his strange mentor Hurn. Not forgetting his own outlaw band whose habits leave much to be desired in the way of manners. Such is **Robin of Sherlock**.

This Robin's doom is to uncover many awful deeds and bring the perpetrators to justice, rough or otherwise. He may interrogate his suspects and, if evidence is forthcoming, call on the famous Lestrade to raid and take prisoner the culpable. This by means of a cordless far-speaking telephone. Pressing 'redial' will connect him with the sleuth, more usually with his mother whose tongue is like a bullwhip.

After some playful ribaldry with his mates, our Robin's prime task is to uncover the dark secrets of the convent and the scandal of the garden gnomes. A visit to the village of the Smurphs will clarify the crime — be sure to listen in on Godfather Smurph's conspiring. This is best done by the window of his palatial hut — he will not let you in.

Other evidence lies all around the convent walls but entry within the sacred precincts can only be a matter of habit. Take care to maintain silence within the place and have a lighter close to hand.

Robin found himself at the east
end of a long service road.
some way along the road, the
dark shape of the convent was
visible against the horizon.
A path led north.
Robin's merry friends appeared.

As you journey through the gloomy woods a scene of terror may startle you. Poor Goldilox . . . to perish thus, lynched by the three bars. Can you prove her innocent? Try you must. Sternly question this errant maid and, in your searching of some distant shed, you may come across a small thing great enough to shake the very bowels of the earth! With this perhaps the bears may be mollified . . . .

Know, too, the train rolls not for thee . . . though you have a ticket it will not move till Toto shall be found. Consult some ancient book about the case. So shall you be rid of carping Dorothy.

Enough then — there are many crimes in the naked forest and I shall not solve them all for you. Go now, take up your cordless telephone and walk!

Colossal Adventure

IN ANCIENT times, before the questing priesthoods set up their temples and created new rituals, there was but one great quest. Measureless caverns were found, full of strange, dangerous creatures and priceless treasures. The way was hard, through dank tunnels and pits, over deep chasms and crystal bridges. The goal, of course, included huge riches but also the freedom of the Elvish race from death and the recovery of their Crown Jewels — orb, sceptre and crown.

The fell Warlocks of the Ninth Level now tend these places, still lay their traps with tender care. Truly a **Colossal Adventure** for all who care to try. My counsel is to go and seek the place . . . a grating opened with a key will let you in.

The place is dark, so take a lamp but remember that is power is not infinite. Save its strength when you need it not. Beware, nevertheless, of stumbling in the dark for there are many pits and perilous drops.

If you carry treasure within these caves beware the pirate. Your goods he will rob and take them to his maze. To recover the booty you should drop anything you do not need and seek his chest in the maze. Take it and all your gear back to the building where you began. Soon enough you will learn that this return can be easily achieved by going back past the column near the maze, thence to the room full of debris. Using the magic word **XYZZY** here will transport you back to the building each time you wish.

There are other magic words. **PLUGH** spoken in the room north of the low passage beyond the Hall of the Mountain Kings will likewise

return you to the base. **FEE, FIE, FOE, FOO** can return some golden eggs on top of the beanstalk.

There are many creatures within the caves and there are dwarfs who will attack you. The first will hurl an axe — make sure you take this for it can be used to do unto the dwarfs as they do unto you. Without it you may only escape them by ignominious flight outside.

If a snake blocks your path you may dispose of it by freeing a bird you have caged. Dragons, wondrously, may be fought and beaten with bare hands but the Spider should be enticed up a pinnacle with a jade pentacle. Throw it from the top and the Spider will follow it to doom.

At one chasm a troll will bar the bridge. In one direction he can be shifted by throwing your eggs and in the other by throwing a bear you have fed, soothed and got. I have but scratched at the surface of these caves but just in case your light does fail, batteries do exist. There is a machine south of the west end of a long passage, set in a Different Maze. The coins . . . ah, well.